

# Pretty Nannie:

O R,

A dainty delicate new Ditty, fit for the Contry, Town,  
or City, which shewes how constant she did prove unto  
her hearts delight and onely Love.

To a dainty delicate new tune named, *Northerne Nannie.*



I have a Love so faire,  
so constant, true, and kind,  
She is without compare,  
whose fancies me both blind.  
She is the flower of Paids,  
that ever was or can be,  
faire Symphs lend me your ayds  
to sing of my sweet Nannie:  
Her golden hair, her face so faire,  
her glancing eye hath wounded me,  
Her che like snow where Roses grow,  
Pretty Nanny,  
My Mistris of true constancy  
I am thine owne and shall be.

If Venus would defend,  
and grant to grace my bed,  
I would not long my friend,  
by no inticement led:  
Do not the fairest dame,  
shall win her fancy from me,  
For in the mind I am,  
He honour none but Nannie:  
For she may command my heart, my hand  
my love too so; to ride or goe,  
If she but say by night or day,  
Pretty Nannie,  
My Mistris of true constancy,  
I am thine owne and shall be.

My love I will not change  
for Ceres gold and treasure,  
Nor will I seem to range  
from the my joy and pleasure:  
Though some doe count our sex  
to waite in affection,  
Yet doe not thou suspect,  
for I doe hate that action:  
My love is set, none shall me let,  
nor me persuade, be not afraid,  
From the to turne, He rather burne  
with fire,  
Thou plaine shalt see that I love thee,  
And will yeeld to thy desire.

She is so rare and wise,  
and prudent in her carriage,  
That gallants vnto deuis  
to win her unto marriage:  
But she denies all these  
that doe aske such a question,  
And to me she doth disclose  
her constant true affection:  
She will not lie nor falsifie,  
but true both piene like the turtle-dove  
As I doe find to me that's true,  
Pretty Nannie,  
My Mistris of true constancy,  
I am thine owne and shall be.

45-6-28-28.



## The second part,

## To the same tune.



Her favour and her face,  
Doe set my heart on fire,  
When I doe her embrace,  
I have my hearts desire,  
Her pretty lipping tongue,  
Doe set my heart in speaking,  
I thinke no time too long,  
While I with her keepe waking:  
Her lips so soft I kisse full oft,  
Yet that I deere immodestie,  
My mother's come, & I will be gone

Pretty Nannie,  
My Mistris of true constancy,  
I am thine owne and shall be,

When I am from her sight,  
My heart is down'd with sorrow,  
If I doe misse one night,  
I see her the next morrow:  
She is my onely deare,  
My ioy and my sweet pleasure,  
She is a jewel rare,  
That far surpasseth treasure:  
Her glittering eyes like starry skies,  
Her dimpled chin I have to see  
Her neck so white like chrysal bright

Pretty Nannie,  
My Mistris of true constancie,  
I am thine owne and shall be.

For to sell this bargain now  
I leave my heart in pawn,  
As by a faithful vow,  
That is betwixt us twaine:  
Then doe not thou disdain  
My Mistris true for to be,  
Grant love for love againe,  
My onely sweet pretty Nannie:  
And with a kisse befriend me this,  
My love abideth I pray be true,  
My heart with faith for ever true  
Pretty Nannie, &c.

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When kindly she replide,  
Thou hast thy hearts desire,  
Be the lonly Bride,  
My love to thee is true:  
As I have constant bene,  
So I'll remaine for ever,  
As plainly shall be seene,  
From thee I will not sever:  
With hand & heart I'll take thy part,  
In wealth and love I will doe so,  
The more so that I love thee,  
Most kindly,  
Thy Mistris, &c.

Though all my friends doe flout me,  
And scorne for to prevent me,  
Not for a thousand pound,  
That I will discontent thee:  
I will not yeeld to love,  
Nor faine any other,  
My mind shall not remove,  
With father nor with mother,  
I will not change nor seeme to range,  
No, I'll endure for ever sure,  
My heart is thine and thou art mine,  
Sweet honey, &c.

What saidst thou my sweet heart,  
Wilt thou consent unto me?  
As thou must ease my smart,  
Or else thou wilt bid me:  
Quoth she I doe consent,  
To what thou dost require,  
My selfe I doe present  
To please thy hearts desire:  
My love on thee shall settled be,  
What thou dost crave I grant you have  
My life, my blood, to doe thee good,  
My honny,

Then doe not doubt my constancy,  
I am thine owne and will be.

F. I. N. I. S.

R. C.